

THE UNBIASS'D
SATYR:
OR
REFLECTIONS
ON
MANNERS.



L O N D O N:
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Unbias'd Satyr :
O R
REFLECTIONS
O N
MANNERS.

Long observation of an Impious Age
Provoketh Satyr, and a better Stage
Then such our unwash'd Vice cajoleth now
In Characters ill Writ, and Vicious too.
Is there Intrigues from Stews or Harlots part
But in Raw Scenes and much Insipid Art
The Town beholds from Pens may well deplore
Their Witt that way beneath an Airy Whore.

Or

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Or Expectations fain would smile at bad,
 If for its Lard smooth Jest such Poets had.
 Alas for Men that labour Vice to please,
 Yet can't find Pens to Tickle the Disease;
 And what as odly does to some appear,
 When scurrile VVits would one another jeer.
 Do not their Crude designs much pastime make,
 Where *Zanies* and their Patrons mirth partake ?
 Cajoling lumpish things to combate Spight,
 Stroak'd first, and next, well mock'd for what they
 No pity is't that Poets thus are Teiz'd, (VVrite.
 VVhose Dronish Brains would from abuse be eas'd;
 Or write more facile Ribaldry in course,
 As the Pits vicious Gang their Plaudits force;
 VVhich the sly Noble may perhaps admit,
 Least his Crimes be Intrigu'd by better VVit;
 Or the fallacious Critick Knight explore
 How sin rewards him in a Daughter VVh---
 Till that grave Muse who writ the late Essay
 Corrects 'um smoothly in his modern way.
 Tho' many judge 'tis much an easier thing
 To write Directions than Examples bring

That

That in fix sorts of Poetry may show
 The Wit ought from *Castalion* Springs to flow :
 Yet none th' endeavour can deny true praise
 That would Mans Genius more refined raise,
 Or in the Sea of Wit directs to find
 Rocks, by the cautious Muses most declin'd.
 Were't not well wish'd that such a sense as this
 Should better Teach than where Men write amiss?
 Or due Remarks upon bad Manners place,
 As being Wits Genuine and Supreamest Grace?
 And he that can this perfect, and refrains,
 Amongst the useles Witty worst Remains.
 But Mode and Modesty together Joyn'd,
 Make some Complexions unto other kind.
 Deeming perhaps the Numbers are too great
 For any strength of Satyr to defeat;
 Or such Cabals that dare decry the sting
 That Lines on evil habits justly fling :
 To whom even comely Virtue seems uncouth
 When joyn'd with Beauties bloom, or blushing Youth.
 Or that oblig'd her Profelites were now
 To blush for being Immodish in their few.

VVhilst

VVhilſt modern Vice propitiouſly can boaſt,
 That Fortune's Forelock decks ſome Harlots moſt ;
 And ſo ſucceſſful in their Flames Aſpire,
 That Virtue's mock'd for her ſerener Fire:
 As if ſuch did their Time and Fortune waſte
 That could at Nineteen call their Beauty chaſte.
 Whate're Miſchance or By-blow got before,
 'Tis little held when Portion'd well the Wh---.
 Wherefore, if thou'dſt by vicious Intereſt thrive,
 Wait well, and next, ſome Quean exalted Wive.
 Tho' want of Charity Good Men complain,
 Luſt does far more Societies maintain
 Than Jubile's do at *Rome*, which *Papiſts* think
 May ſome preſerve from wanting Meat and Drink
 Until the next En-Jue, or Pope complies
 To add ſome *Peter-pence* before he dies.
 How artifice'd can ſome Church-Int'reſts play
 With Holy Duties their ſelf-seeking way,
 Tho' high, like Boys at *Blow-Point* they conteſt
 Which of their Trifles ſhould be valu'd beſt!
 And how the Surplice does ſome Men affright
 That love to ſlip up Smocks by Day or Night!

VVith

With which, such gifted Appetites dispence,
 When like their Painted Females Innocence:
 Who from nice singularity avow
 Their Pride hath thence its Lust, more pleasing too.
 Mayn't present Times soon introduce as bad
 As most precedent held extream or mad?
 Abating wonder, that *Noll* durst propose
 And act bold things with such a Front and Nose,
 Which like to Tinder many Touch-holes fir'd,
 That Independant Love and Zeal admir'd?
 Was it not then huge Luxury to Teach
 Brisk Female Converts how to Kifs and Preach?
 Things that most Ticklish Faiths can still embrace
 Instead of Caveat from *Hugh Peter's* Case.
 Tho' hard to find in Sects or Men the Caste
 Of due abstenious sense below the Waste.
 Howe're in that behalf some vent their heat,
 And to disorder Pulpit-Cushions beat.
 If not, with Sweat and Labour next complain
 They Spirits wast against Mens Crimes in vain.
 Perhaps as much Inflam'd, as when they show
 Polemick heats, not more succesful too.

B

Nor

Nor is't deep wonder such should so contend:
 Whose Trade on words, some tell, does much depend,
 Whilst smooth Religion all that Zeal would spare
 Which harshly entertains the milder ear:
 Or wakens Jars, some wish enough repos'd,
 Or less in Paper to the world disclos'd.
 And these are Morals that Men must refine
 Who would be conster'd Sober and Divine:
 As well as Politicks, of which some treat
 That handle too severely acts of State.
 Or, why—to give up *Charters* some propose
 As readily as Wenches put of Clothes?
 Tho' little they thereby their Brains acquit:
 Whate're their Wives new Politicks admit,
 In hope, like Passet Dames, to own the Sport
 Of Games and Love-tricks, when intrigu'd at Court.
 For which the Husband's Purse is oft purloyn'd,
 Or wanting Gold his Horns as Pawns design'd:
 And sure 'tis Curse enough for Marri'd Life
 Where Cards and Cupid charm at once the Wife;
 Which some Cornuted may discern as well,
 As *James's* Clock such wicked Hours does tell.

Is't

Is't no small Greif that Men from Faces know
 The wedded evils which they undergo ?
 A far more waisting and destructive Curse,
 Than if Law-Suits had long plagu'd Soul and Purse.
 Or makes 'um more ridiculous appear,
 When sadly held such Dolts that tamely bear:
 Tho' some odd Man may other things propose,
 As his Remarks sometimes inflame his Nose ;
 Till by his Spouse his Brows well stroak'd, or told
 'Tis wise to wink at Deeds with gain Cajol'd.
 And Powerful Int'rest heedful *Whigs* explore,
 As they give *Tories* Keys to their Back-door.
 To which the Twinkling *Sir* is reconcil'd
 If for State-Service Forked he be stil'd ;
 Or held more closely wise than to disjoyn
 Ends, that cope best with some Command much Coyn.
 Whilst the stale *Quean* that can't her Talent stint,
 Intrigues Lust several ways to raise her Mint.
 Suppose the *Roman-Mode* were now in use
 By which Men for their Wives Gallants might chuse,
 Adopting Horns by more conspicuous ways
 Than Bawdy couples manage in our days ;

And whence the Wife sometimes was smoothly led
 By the frank Husband to his Friends soft Bed :
 With whom consent allow'd her to remain
 Till he return'd the obedient Dame again,
 Perhaps more Rich, as with Heroick Men
 Both Love and Friendship was disposed then.
 Who'd not prefer that ancient usage more
 Than where at Will Wives Cuckold Rich and Poor?
 And disoblige so much their Wedlock plight
 As they for ends Debauch, or Lust, or spight?
 Whilst *Roman* Dames did no such temper bear,
 Or Notions, as State-Harlots Interfere:
 Nor costly she's turn'd Punks or Bawds at large,
 To render more profuse the Codpiece charge;
 Or bred up Brats none must know who begot,
 If paid the Dry Nurse-Quean to serve the Plot.
 Perhaps when well in Teens not taught to tell
 Whence 'twas begot, or if ere Christn'd well:
 Till like some Heathenish He or She it grows,
 Or help'd by Grace God only Father knows:
 Which spurious Interest and Vicēs too
 Are strangely complicated 'mongst us now.

As

As 'tis some cunning to distinguish Crimes,
 With how their Mixtures influence our bad Times
 Whilst simple Sinners that no ends contract
 Beyond what Souls by natural prones act,
 And can't their Reformation so implore
 That for Sins sake they may be bad no more,
 Are by the prosperous wicked taught to be
 Poyantly various in their Luxury.
 Who'e wonder any rais'd to Coyn and ease
 Should more than need indulge the Gouts disease,
 Perhaps conceiving from some grave surmise
 They may be rank'd with Gouty Men held Wise:
 Which Foppish tempers pronely can admit,
 If well conceited of their Childish wit.
 But when the wanton Stepdame courts the Son,
 Men hold up Noses and think worse is done,
 Tho' the fond Husband yields an easie smile
 T' applaud the calm his House enjoys the while,
 In hope the Mother-in-Law aside did lay
 The rigid hate does oft such stations sway;
 When Heaven does know the Strumpet had design'd
 How she, her Lust conceal'd, might seem refin'd.

O Mon-

O monstrous Time! what canst thou not produce,
 As Love and Manners thus Involve abuse?
 Was't no fond flight that in a fix VWeeks Term
 A Lady lost was found by amorous charm?
 And did so Heroine like in Court appear,
 That in Romance she left her Cuckold there?
 Kind Friend that to abate thy Patron's strife
 Couldst VVed in VVoman a *Chimæra* VVife.
 VVittols in Cuckolds sometimes have been known,
 Having first sapt in Honey was their own;
 But such a Drone in title to possess
 Like thee the Flower and must the Sweets but guess,
 Does but a specious Tally thee declare,
 Struck for Loves Chequer to be unpaid there.
 Since like thee VVedded few have been before,
 Or Marriage made th' Indenture of a VV---.
 If *Emerton's* tedious Case, like Siege of *Troy*,
 Hold Ten years strife about a VVomans Toy,
 Till Lawyers out of Breath with *Guinnies* cramb'd :
 And VVitneffes perhaps on both sides damnd,
 VVhilst undecided if this Chrisme of Bride
 VVere rightly handl'd on the Spiritual side;

Or

Or how she might her Christian Husband know
 As She Loves Anabaptist Elder grew :
 Hard 'twas to vex so long soft Womans Flame,
 Leaving scarce honest *Alias* to her Name;
 Tho' quaint Civilians smilingly agree
 His Case did nothing want but *Rem in Re*.
 Might not the scoffing Sadducee debate
 More grossly for his fake immortal state,
 Least among Wedlock Riddles he grant there
 The strange perplexed Case of *Viner's* Heir ?
 So seldome he proves Fortunate or Wise
 That gives his plighted Faith to unripe Thighs,
 Or Callow Chit that stays for future day
 Before 'tis fit Man on her Lap to lay ;
 When after all, her liquorish Youth may fly
 Thee and thy Faith in looser Arms to lye :
 Although succeeding Headach thee destroy,
 What cares the Quean, alas! if pleas'd her Toy ?
 But we some Lawyers Deeds must further handle
 As they by turns can Whigs and Tories dandle,
 And, like to froward Children, make 'um whine
 For Tales, well fancied, they'l in Issue joyn.*

Whence.

Whence such opposers hugely clutter'd see
 These ne're will help 'um better to agree.
 Tho' search'd how ancient Liberty does dwell
 Secure from teeth of Time and Mice full well;
 And Petty-fogging Vermin, many say,
 By bits would English Freedom snap away,
Tresilian's Genius much approv'd by them,
 And subtle *Noy's* late Legislative Dream
 Yet most do hope 'twill never come to pass,
 How're some Southfayers by their Owl's may guess:
 That plod by aid of Spectacles and Fees,
 And Tongues by *Guinnies* tipt, like some Testees.
 Pity the Man that hopes to purchase right
 By such for profit *pro* and *con* can Fight,
 And spin contests so tediously for ends,
 That want of Coyn makes foolish Clients Friends:
 Or calmly by facetious Pleaders told
 That Law can't quiet some till spent their Gold.
 Wherefore, if Wise, thy Money timely save,
 For Bars, like Seas, enough will never have.
 Whilst some Mens Stars so restlessly conspire,
 That they incline both Brain and Purse to tire.

Like

Like others now-a-days much fancy clutters,
 As their parts was the State's Sir *Fopling Flutter*s;
 Or Joy'd in *Guild-hall* flights, and Mayor obtain'd,
 Tho' many hold Points there too fondly gain'd.
 Howe're the Stages Politicks exprefs,
 And Tory Writers measure such fucces,
 In hope *Pernassus* that way soon to climb,
 When heavy laden with their Prose and Rhime:
 Whom thence, as if expell'd, we sometimes see
 Fall low'r by their pragmatick Destiny;
 Fumbling on Stage, like Gown'd Sir *John* with Laws,
 Much wanting wholesail Brains to aid their Cause.
 When hop'd to gratify some Great Mans way,
 No deep Intrigue discerns, or Plot in Play.
 Thus thou kind Duke wer't in Effigie kill'd
 By Poets too in Tragedy unskill'd:
 And Story wrested to an Impious Case
 Of the Sons Death before the Fathers Face.
 Men that would Write for any Faction's use
 Or Int'rest, can a full Third Day produce.
 But leaving these to Tongues, and such as walk
 In Streets, the common Galleries of talk,

Or such as Dream of wondrous National ease
 When Courts and Factions one another please.
 As Coffee-sippers nicely oft unfold ;
 Much, like their Liquor, talk'd 'twixt hot and cold,
 Wishing no Ranting *Tory* might appear
 To tax the *Trimmer's* smoothing of the Ear.
 Good Heav'n ! how many Noddles have been broke,
 That ne're had wit to help the side they took !
 Or who'd not pity such unruly Fates
 Which prove so hurtful unto moderate Pates ?
 Whilst gently they would but impress their sense
 Of being well pleas'd with calmer Providence ?
 Or such as 'twixt extreams might them advance,
 As Luck sometimes on Mediums falls by chance ;
 Tho' wondred that the *Observer's* Ginn
 Should prove too slight to draw such tempers in,
 And not with *Trimmers* make a smoother close,
 So much cajol'd with *Gingerbread* in Prose,
 Which Men deep scienc'd sometimes gravely chew
 Before they Breakfast on the *Rubrick* too ;
 Deeming that he does Meritorious write
 That Paper fowls to keep the Surplice White.

Thus

Thus Men on *Tory Don-Quixots* can look,
 And fear no Fate that threatens now *Hunt's* Book.
 Or may vex some whose Lines gall Brains new risen,
 Tho' they in Greatness more than Goodness glisen;
 Taking small care how deeply men implore
 That pining walk, delay'd Redress, their Floor.
 Yet little hope has *Satyr* to prevail,
 If such bad Manners touch'd 'tis said to rail.
 Or grievous held when Verse does duely twit
 Knaves from the publick Gain by cheating wit.
 How're their low and Mushroom growth aspir'd
 To be instead of better Men admir'd.
 Whether from serving Taps and Tables well
 The Blind *Queans* favour, Luck, on them befell.
 If eager Tongues improve their heat at this,
 Mayn't others judge they talk not more amiss
 'Gainst such to Honours Orb and Treasure rise,
 By Nature ne're intended Great or VVise?
 And foul'd for publick good and private to
 Like some, before 'um, little well could do?
 Are these more odd than other Nations Varlets?
 Or such by *French* held patch'd to Cardinals Scarlets,
 C 2 VVhence

VVhence vast Estates and Dignities are got,
 Too freshly grievous where Salt vents by Plot.
 VVith Tallages devis'd ; which Men admire
 Should not, er'e now, both Heart and Purse more tire.
 Unless by Priests and Bishops gravely told
 They must be passive when most pill'd and poll'd.
 VVhich is no wonder if they hugely Teach,
 VVhilst they at much more ease Dispute or Preach.
 Against which Maximes Laicks seldome scuffle,
 VVhose Game suits best a Legislative shuffle.
 VVon't Men thus Temper'd of their Monarch boast,
 As they live splendid at his Nations cost?
 And on that Mighty Monfieurs Soul instill
 The Prince is most Divine that rules at VVill?
 As if that Subjects had no right at all
 To 'state or Life unless Kings say they shall.
 VVhen each unbiass'd Brain enough explores
 They court his Scepter less than *Lewidores*.
 For right and wrong with Mankind have that sense,
 As, but for ends, what's bad has small defence.
 Do *Tories* that way of no Novels think
 As they on some course Methods seem to wink,
Caressing

Caressing Lawyers when inclin'd to be
 In broken *French* at Legal Tiranny.
 Is't any admiration such should pain
 Their Heads with Letters so they pick up Gain ?
 And that some Ruffians do for ends attest
 They judge controuleless Scepters much the best ?
 VVhen all do know the wretches but intend
 How they at large may their conditions mend.
 But where's the Man that is content to chuse
 Just Principles, and thereby Gain refuse ?
 Or to his Country, next to Heaven, alots
 His Soul unstain'd with ends and vicious spots ?
 Do with us factions now such *Catoes* show ;
 How thick so'e're amongst 'um Patriots go
 That Parties can improve with Mighty ease,
 And next would flily sleep with whom they please.
 Enough bad Men much specious labour take
 How they more eminent themselves may make :
 Hugely desiring to be understood,
 If once advanc'd, to 'ndeavour publick Good.
 When few in vari'd persons can behold
 Intendments better'd, or less thirst of Gold.

As

As their ascendant Stars did worst comply
 With them when rising unto dignity.
 Are not such Figures to the world well known?
 And their ingratitude in all kinds shown?
 Hant they with words obliging promis'd much,
 With what they'd do, their stations rais'd, for such?
 When mounted near their utmost height and ends,
 Their grateless eyes have first disdain'd their Friends;
 As if just expectations to defeat
 Heighten'd the Luxury of being Great.
 Has Vice a Name, but most conditions share,
 Power, wealth, good parts, to it subserviant are.
 'Twould pose an Age to censure duely this,
 Whose Deeds are more than ord'nary amiss.
 How're stupendious that so bad a Time
 Should not far more incense some publick Crime.
 And that vast Factions, tho' much heat proclaim'ds
 As yet their publick violence have tam'd.
 Could less than Providence this Ill. debar,
 Or the slow motion of our Northern Star?
 So chilly guides the *Scotchman's* Oatmeal-Face,
 That he stands yet in his cold state of Grace;
Whilst

Whilst the *Apocripha* of Forty One
 Provokes his Genius, and our warmer Son:
 Nay vext perhaps that *Irish* should discern
 How they from poorer Macks may quiet learn.
 And not as in some old Rebellious fit
 Forfeit more Land to nourish *Highland* wit.
 Are these no blessings to Dominions prone
 To be as bad as their past tempers known?
 Or that designs keep on a dwindling way:
 For which men full of Ease supinely pray?
 Whilst angry Libels are not valued much,
 As who'd hot Parties Paper Pellets grutch;
 Unless they Magistrates too bluntly hit,
 Or sing Court Changes in some Songsters wit.
 Which pass in course, and evermore will be
 As ends guide Men or Animosity.
 Tho' wonder'd that some persons are in pain
 Till they the various Pallace *Zenith* gain.
 And not with more repose such thoughts lay by,
 Least Dreams, affright their sense, of falling high.
 But here our Lady Muse no pranks must play,
 Or talk of *Cupids* Masquerading way,

Which

Which some Lascivious Madams may delight
 Whom deeds in Dark with humane Buggs least fright,
 Things that with other Miscellanies go,
 Or such our *Satyr* does precedent show.
 Whose Lines of Crimes dispers'd design'd to Treat,
 And how Vice-Passions Int'rests joyntly meet
 In *Tories*, *Whigs*, and in some Poets skill,
 And Love-tricks too, on both sides surest ill:
 Amongst which Rapsodies perhaps thou'lt see
 Such individuals here unnam'd by me.
 A Secret, *Satyrs* never should disclose,
 Other then where bad Manners toucheth those.
 Which Reader if thou here approv'st in some,
 Our Muse may pleasure thee in more to come.

F I N I S.

